

# PLANESWALKERS

## HONOR BOUND

part I



WRITTEN BY JENNA HELLAND      ILLUSTRATED BY NILS HAMM  
STORY BY JENNA HELLAND, BRADY DOMMERMUTH, AND DOUG BEYER  
LETTERING BY JINO CHOI  
ART DIRECTION BY JEREMY JARVIS  
BASED ON CHARACTERS BY BRADY DOMMERMUTH AND VOLKAN BAGA





**I** AM ELSPETH, KNIGHT OF BANT.  
EVERYTHING I WANT IS HERE.



IF THE OTHERS KNEW WHAT  
I CAN DO, THEY WOULD CALL  
ME AN ANGEL.



BUT SUCH A "GIFT"  
CANNOT BE TRUSTED.



I PREFER TO EARN...



... MY PLACE IN THE HEAVENS.



RUMORS ARE SPREADING  
ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE.  
FRIGHTENING TALES PASS  
BETWEEN CARAVANS AND  
VILLAGES.



I CAN'T IGNORE THEM ANY  
LONGER. I MUST RIDE OUT  
AND SEE FOR MYSELF.

I WONDER WHEN... OR IF... I'LL  
STAND WITH MY FELLOW KNIGHTS AGAIN.





IT'LL BE ROUGH TRAVELING IN THE DARK. WHY LEAVE NOW?

STAY HERE, ARAN. I SHOULD GO ALONE.



I AM YOUR SQUIRE. I GO WHERE YOU GO.

IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR HIM TO REMAIN WITH THE KNIGHTS, LEARNING THE RULES OF WAR.



BUT I AM HEADED TO A TROUBLED PLACE. AND HIS PRESENCE WILL BE A COMFORT. I DO NOT WISH TO BE ALONE.



IT'S DAWN, MY LADY.



WE'VE BEEN RIDING ALL NIGHT. YOU SHOULD STOP, REST THE HORSES.



NO, ARAN. WE MUST PRESS ON.

WHAT'S SO URGENT THAT YOU PUSH YOURSELF BEYOND EXHAUSTION?







WE'RE RIDING TOWARD  
AKRASA. DO YOU HAVE BUSINESS  
AT FORT DAWNRAY?

ELSPETH?

DID YOU  
HEAR ME?

I AM CONCERNED,  
MY LADY. YOU ARE  
DISTRACTED, LOST  
IN THOUGHT.



DO YOU DREAM, ARAN?  
SUFFER NIGHTMARES?

NOT SINCE I WAS A  
CHILD. HAVE YOU BEEN  
TROUBLED BY DREAMS?



IMAGINE IF THE  
WORST NIGHTMARE FROM  
YOUR CHILDHOOD CAME TRUE.  
EVERYTHING YOU LOVE WAS  
DEFILED AND CORRUPTED.



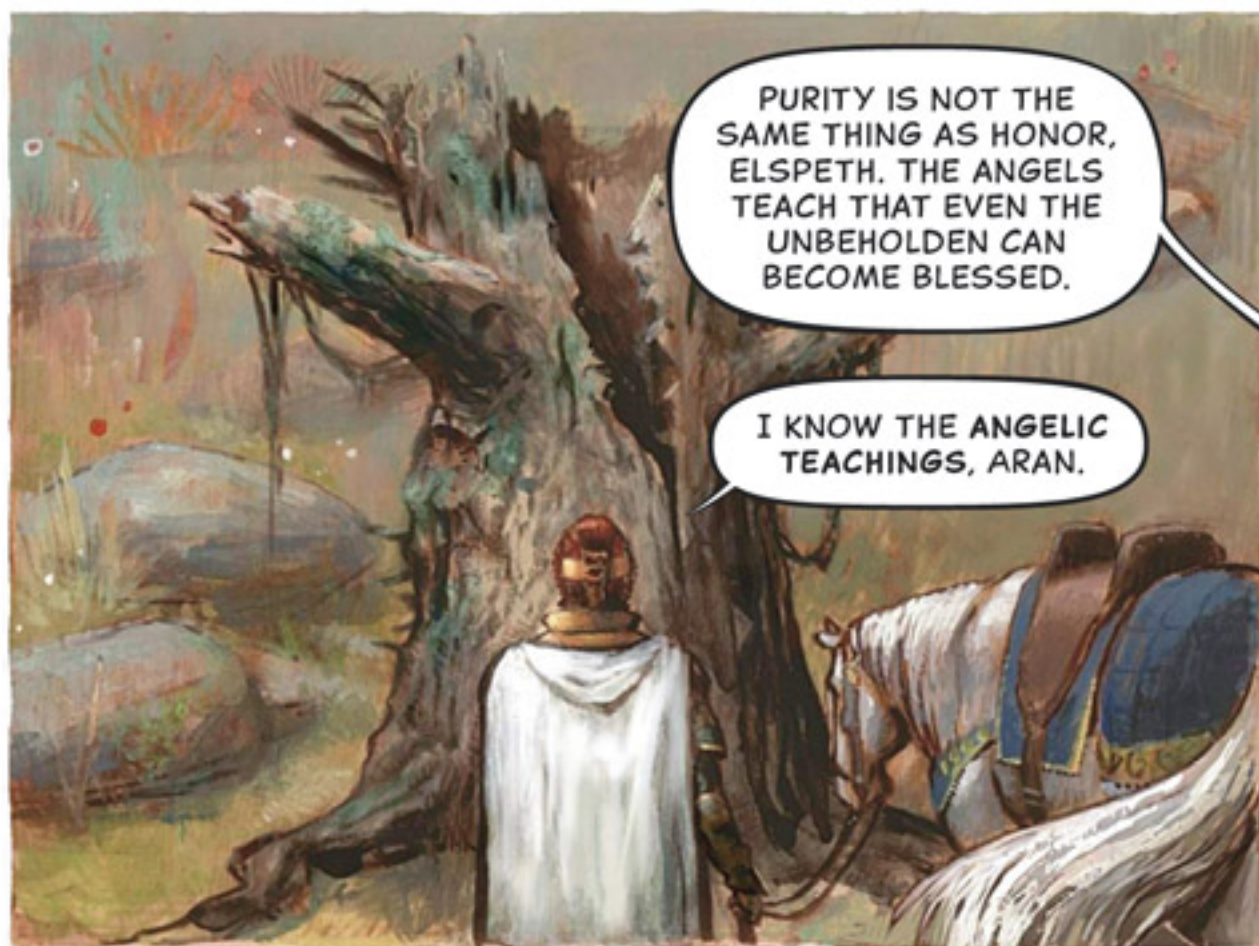
A THING IS  
ONLY PURE ONCE.  
IF TARNISHED, IT CAN  
NEVER BE THE SAME  
AGAIN.



*I'M NOT SURE HE COULD EVEN  
COMPREHEND SUCH DARKNESS.*

*AND THAT'S THE WAY IT SHOULD BE.*





PURITY IS NOT THE SAME THING AS HONOR, ELSPETH. THE ANGELS TEACH THAT EVEN THE UNBEHOLDEN CAN BECOME BLESSED.

I KNOW THE ANGELIC TEACHINGS, ARAN.



YOU'VE ALWAYS LIVED IN A WORLD OF RULES, ORDER, AND DECENCY. BUT WITHOUT GOVERNANCE, PEOPLE ARE LITTLE MORE THAN ANIMALS.



I KNOW YOU HAVE TRAVELED MORE THAN ME, BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT IS TRUE.

WAIT HERE, ARAN.

NO, I WON'T LEAVE YOUR SIDE.



WHY ARE YOU SEEKING COUNSEL AT A RHOX MONASTERY? CAN THEY CALM YOUR DREAMS?



THERE ARE NO MONKS HERE, ARAN.

THIS IS NO LONGER A HOLY PLACE.



IS THAT BLOOD? I HEARD THAT BANDITS RUN WILD IN THE BORDERLANDS.

IT WASN'T BANDITS. A MONK SLAUGHTERED HIS BRETHREN WHILE THEY SLEPT.

THAT'S HORRIBLE. MAY THE ANGELS CLEANSE HIS SOUL.



*I ENVY ARAN'S FAITH IN INNATE GOODNESS. IN THE POSSIBILITY OF TRANSCENDENCE.*

*BUT I KNOW—SOME SOULS ARE LOCKED IN DARKNESS.*





NOT EVERYONE  
IS WORTH SAVING,  
ARAN.



ARAN IS LIKE BANT ITSELF. SUCH A  
CHILDLIKE PERSPECTIVE, SUCH AN  
INNOCENT'S HEART.



ELSPETH, YOU'VE EARNED  
MORE SIGILS THAN ANYONE  
ELSE IN OUR ORDER. BUT YOU'RE  
SO ANXIOUS AND WARY. I JUST  
DON'T UNDERSTAND.

NEITHER DO I. I SHOULD HAVE DIED. BUT I WAS  
RIPPED AWAY. SPARED, WHEN SO MANY OTHERS  
HAD DIED. I DON'T KNOW IF IT WAS MERCY, AN  
ACCIDENT, OR SOMETHING MORE INSIDIOUS.

I HAVE SO MUCH POWER, BUT I CAN'T  
USE IT. NOT WITHOUT LOSING WHAT  
I LOVE.





THIS PLACE IS  
WRETCHED. LET'S  
NOT LINGER HERE.



YOU'RE SO PALE.  
IS SOMETHING  
THERE?

JUST  
MEMORIES.



LET'S GO HOME TO  
THE ORDER. I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT YOU  
HOPE TO LEARN . . .

LOOK AROUND  
YOU. THIS IS THE  
FACE OF EVIL.



IT'S HORRIFIC,  
YES. BUT IT CAN  
BE RAZED TO  
THE GROUND.  
FORGOTTEN.



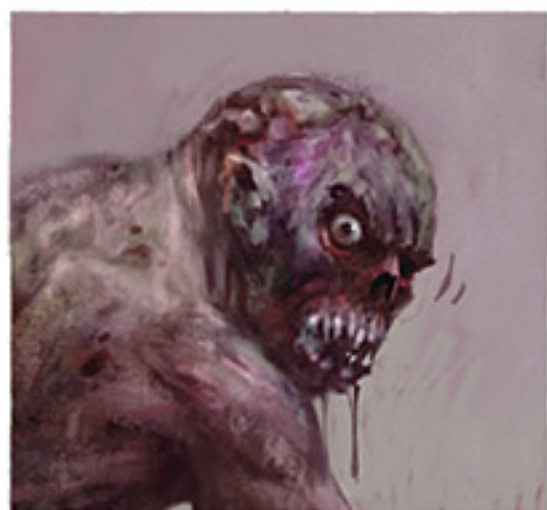
I'M NOT SO  
SURE, ARAN.



I'VE HEARD RUMORS  
THAT OTHER WORLDS  
HAVE BEGUN TO BLEED  
INTO OURS. LIKE AN  
INFECTION IN A WOUND,  
CATCHING US UNAWARE.

MY LADY, THAT'S  
NONSENSE. WE  
MUST LEAVE NOW.  
THE SIGNS OF  
VIOLENCE ARE  
AFFECTING  
YOUR MIND.







# PLANESWALKERS

## HONOR BOUND

part II



WRITTEN BY JENNA HELLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY TOMAS GIORELLO

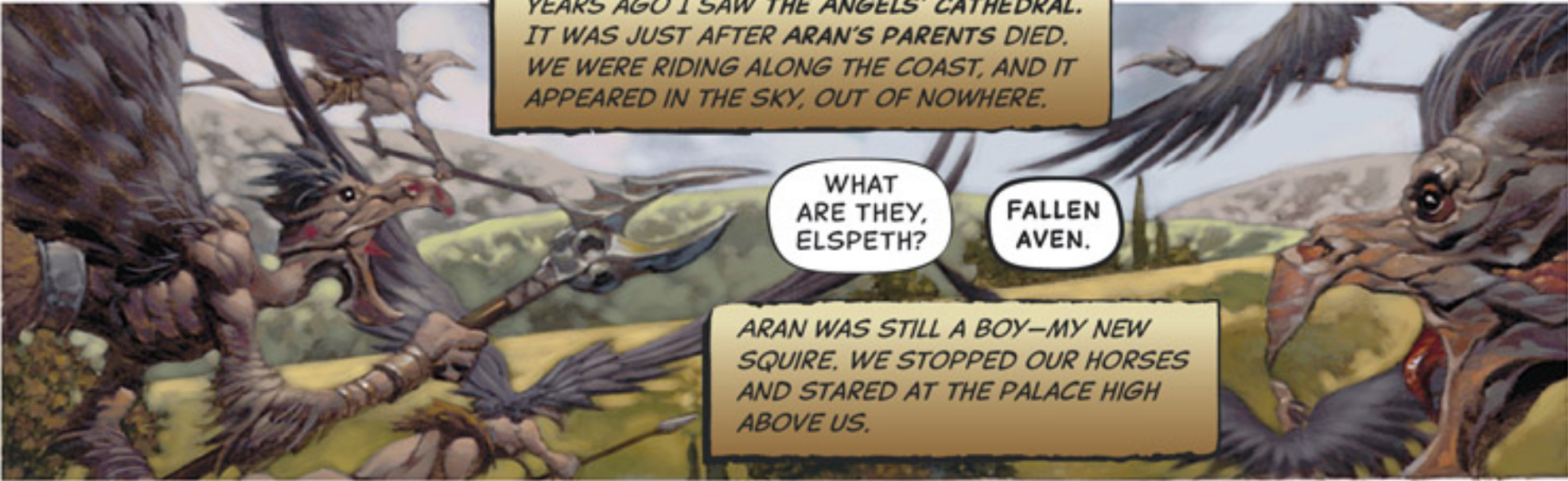
STORY BY JENNA HELLAND, BRADY DOMMERMUTH, AND DOUG BEYER

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YEARS AGO I SAW THE ANGELS' CATHEDRAL.  
IT WAS JUST AFTER ARAN'S PARENTS DIED.  
WE WERE RIDING ALONG THE COAST, AND IT  
APPEARED IN THE SKY, OUT OF NOWHERE.

WHAT  
ARE THEY,  
ELSPETH?

FALLEN  
AVEN.


ARAN WAS STILL A BOY—MY NEW  
SQUIRE. WE STOPPED OUR HORSES  
AND STARED AT THE PALACE HIGH  
ABOVE US.




THEY  
DIDN'T SEE  
US?

I  
DON'T  
THINK  
SO.

IT WAS SUMMER, AND  
THE SKY WAS AS CLEAR  
AS BLUE CRYSTAL.



BUT THOSE  
ARE JUST SCOUTS.  
MORE WILL BE ON  
THE WAY.



EVEN THOUGH WE WERE EXPECTED IN VALERON, WE  
WATCHED FOR HOURS, AWESTRUCK. I FELT SUCH A  
SENSE OF SAFETY, BUT A RESPONSIBILITY TOO.  
TO ARAN, TO BANT, AND EVEN TO MYSELF.

ARAN!  
WHAT  
HIT US?

**UURGH!**









THE ANGELS RODE AIR CURRENTS ABOVE WAVES THAT GLISTENED WITH WHITE LIGHT. IT WAS A GLIMPSE OF PERFECTION.

≧LAST RIDERS IN!≦

≧BAR THE GATE!≦



IT FELT LIKE I'D WAITED MY WHOLE LIFE TO SEE SOMETHING SO PROFOUNDLY BEAUTIFUL. BUT EVEN THEN, I FELT NOSTALGIC, FOR A PRESENT THAT WOULD NEVER LAST.

≧ARCHERS!≦

≧TOP THE WALL!≦

≧KNIGHTS, FORM UP!≦

≧SWORDS AT THE READY!≦



I MAY SEEM POWERFUL. I MAY SEEM RESOLVED.



BUT I AM GOVERNED BY FEAR. FEAR THAT MY SOUL WILL BE TORN OPEN, AND ALL THAT IS GOOD WITHIN ME WILL BLEED AWAY.



FEAR THAT EVEN THE ANGELS WON'T BE ENOUGH TO PROTECT US.









WHILE ARAN AND I WATCHED, THE SKY  
DEEPEMED TO ROSE, THE ANGELS  
BECAME SHADOWS IN THE GATHERING  
TWILIGHT, AND THE ANGELS' CATHEDRAL  
VANISHED FROM SIGHT.



THAT WAS THE MOMENT I  
VOWED NEVER TO LEAVE.




I WOULD BE DEFINED BY THESE  
BORDERS. AND NOTHING ELSE.









IF I COULD RELIVE JUST ONE DAY, THAT'S  
WHAT I WOULD CHOOSE. STANDING ON THE  
SUNLIT SHORE WITH ARAN WATCHING THE  
ANGELS. BUT IT'S LOST. I AM WITNESS TO  
THE END.

DESOLATION REIGNS.



# PLANESWALKERS

## HONOR BOUND

part III



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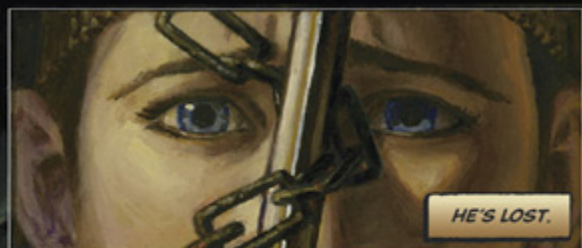
BORDERS, CODES, LAWS . . . SUCH WALLS SHOULD KEEP US SAFE, YET, THEY'RE SO EASILY SHATTERED.



ARAN, I'M SO SORRY. I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED TO YOU.



LET ME MOURN HIM!



HE'S LOST.



MY HOME IS RUBBLE.





MY REGRET IS CHOKING,  
BLINDING—A KILLING GRASP.



I HAD ALWAYS BEEN THE  
ONE WHO WAS WRONGED.



NOW I'M THE ONE WHO  
HAS WRONGED OTHERS.



BANT'S LAWS FORBID ME FROM  
BRINGING ARAN BACK. THEY WILL  
CONDEMN ME.



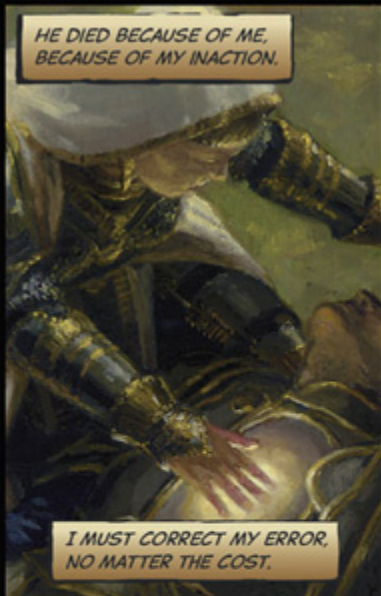
BUT I OWE HIM. AND I CAN'T  
LIVE WITH MY MISTAKE.







*INNOCENT. TRUSTING. PURE.*



*HE DIED BECAUSE OF ME,  
BECAUSE OF MY INACTION.*

*I MUST CORRECT MY ERROR,  
NO MATTER THE COST.*



*WAS HE RIGHT? CAN EACH  
SOUL BECOME SOMETHING  
GREATER THAN IT WAS?*



*I DON'T CARE, I WANT HIM HERE.  
PRESENT IN THE WORLD. EVEN WHEN  
I AM NOT. HE IS REBORN.*



*AS FOR THE FETID ABOMINATIONS THAT  
HAVE SULLIED MY HOMELAND . . .*

*THEY DESERVE NOTHING, NO TOMB, NO PITY,  
NOTHING. THEY DON'T DESERVE TO BECOME  
THE DUST UPON WHICH MY BROTHERS WILL  
REBUILD THEIR LIVES.*







WE WON THE BATTLE. BUT NOT THE WAR. THIS IS THE AFTERMATH OF MY SELFISHNESS.



HOW THEY STARE. THE ACCUSATION  
IN THEIR EYES. THE EXPECTATIONS.



ALL I WANTED WAS TO BE ONE OF  
THEM, AND NOW I NEVER WILL BE.



LADY ELSPETH,  
MY HUSBAND  
FELL EARLY IN THE  
BATTLE. I SAW YOUR  
MIRACULOUS LIGHT  
DEVASTATE THE  
INVADERS.



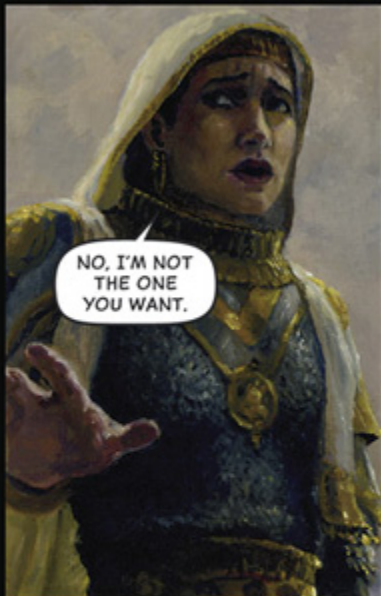
YOU  
SAVED  
US.







THIS SIGIL  
HONORS MY GALEN'S  
MEMORY. WILL YOU  
BLESS IT?



NO, I'M NOT  
THE ONE  
YOU WANT.



I HAVE NO AUTHORITY  
TO GIVE A BLESSING.  
I CAN'T EVEN HONOR  
MY OWN SIGILS.



MY LADY!  
YOU'RE  
ALL RIGHT!

AND SO ARE YOU,  
ARAN. THANK THE  
ANGELS. ARE YOU  
HEALING WELL?

BETTER THAN  
EXPECTED. THE  
BALMGIVER SAID  
MOST WOULD HAVE  
DIED FROM SUCH  
WOUNDS.

YOU'RE YOUNG.  
STRONG. WE NEED  
YOU IN THE FIELD.

YOU'RE  
NEEDED MORE  
THAN ME,  
ELSPETH.



I HEARD ABOUT  
YOUR FEAT IN THE BATTLE.  
WITH YOU LEADING US, WE  
ACTUALLY HAVE A CHANCE  
IN THIS WAR.



YOU'VE  
GIVEN US  
HOPE.

I'M NOT FIT TO  
LEAD THEM. YOU  
KNOW I DON'T  
WANT TO.

WE'RE  
SURROUNDED BY  
ENEMIES. THIS  
IS NOT THE TIME  
FOR SELF-DOUBT  
OR HUMILITY.



I KNOW YOU,  
ELSPETH. I TRUST  
THAT YOU'LL DO THE  
HONORABLE THING.





THESE BORDERS WERE MY WALLS. THEY HELD  
THE MONSTERS AND NIGHTMARES AT BAY.

I LOVED THE SKY AND SEA. EVERY BLADE OF  
GRASS ON THE ROLLING HILLS.



I WANTED TO BELONG SO BADLY.

BUT I WAS PRETENDING, AND  
PEOPLE SUFFERED FOR IT.



HONOR.

DUTY.



I WILL NEVER FIND ANOTHER  
HOME LIKE BANT.

